

Perspective

by The Half-Blood Guardian

Category: Danny Phantom, How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Drama, Friendship

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-09-26 21:15:07

Updated: 2013-05-20 15:21:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 12:56:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 8,059

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: He briefly saw the vague outline of a dark, silent figure in the starry sky flash in his peripheral vision, and quickly snapped his head in the direction he had seen it. Silence hung eerily in the air. That silence vanished abruptly as a short burst of sharp, freezing wind tore through the air. AU.

## 1. Shock

**\*\*This story is AU. In this story, ghosts are independent beings, like demons and fairies, instead of spirits of the deceased, and were never human.\*\***

**\*\*\_THE FOLLOWING DISCLAIMER APPLIES TO ALL CHAPTERS OF THIS STORY\***

**><em>\*\*\*\*I do not own Danny Phantom, How to Train Your Dragon, or any of the characters from either of them. They belong to Nickelodeon and Dream Works Studios, respectively.\*\***

**\*\*Also, here's a big thanks to DragonLovingGirl6 for giving me many helpful pointers, and for giving me the idea to write it in the first place :)\*\***

**\* \* \***

**><p>Perspective<p>**

**Chapter One**

**>Shock<p>**

**\* \* \***

**><p>Danny Fenton, a fourteen-year-old boy with sky-blue eyes, wild black hair, and a notably small frame for his age twitched once again at the continuing sounds of loud crashes and booms coming from outside. He bit his lip and snatched a sideways glance at the front door of the house he was currently hidden in, absently pulling at the**

collar of the dark blue hoodie he was wearing and seeming to be on the edge of giving in to some desire. His anxious fidgeting grew until finally he couldn't resist the temptation any longer. Springing out from his cramped hiding spot under the living room's coffee table, he dashed towards the steel-enhanced wooden barrier, turned the knob, and pulled.<p>

The boy was immediately met with the sight of an intense, all-out battle. He barely had time to blink before one of the beings the people of his town were fighting against noticed him. Its beady red eyes narrowed, and it stopped its pursuit of one of his neighbors and promptly turned on him. Danny managed to slam the door just in time, barely avoiding a huge, blazing green ball of unearthly energy that was shooting towards him. He hid behind his temporary shield as the hinges rattled in their places, squeezing his eyes shut and feeling the jolt of the impact even through the thick, hard material as the blast slammed into the other side of the door. The teen shakily sank to the floor as the door's trembling finally ceased. He didn't relax.

"Ghosts," he breathed out. He opened his eyes to see spectral flames beginning to burn some of the carpet around him.

Seconds after Danny had made his whispered statement, the door flew open and the boy hurriedly leapt down the front steps, barely making it past the fourth square of the concrete walkway before a section of the house's front exploded into green flames.

Outside was a scene of absolute chaos. Humans who still had weapons fought against their attackers with all they had, striking and blasting every ectoplasmic entity in sight. Ghosts flew around stealing precious metals as well as random objects, chasing after the humans who had run out of weapons that were able to harm them.

Danny, despite his earlier hesitation, was now running through the streets, an excited grin on his face even as he was nearly hit by several stray blasts. A few of the city's citizens were carrying a huge ecto-launcher, and as the teenager ran past one man stopped to momentarily stare at him, causing the person behind him to lose balance and bang the back of the gun on his head. Danny, having seen the collision, winced and backed up, but jumped forward in surprise when a woman bumped against him from behind. He turned around to keep running, but was knocked over as someone dodging a huge, explosive blast nearly fell on top of him. The fighter merely grunted and jumped over the boy.

Danny got up and continued running, easily swerving through the mass of extremely preoccupied adults, who each quickly shouted at him to go back home upon seeing him in the middle of a raid. He paid them no mind, instead choosing to keep traveling to his intended destination.

Another blast shot through the ground right in front of him, one that would have seriously hurt him, had he not at that moment been grabbed by the back of his shirt and pulled backwards. He was roughly turned around to face his rescuer, who looked really cross.

"Danny! What are you doing out here? Get inside!" A huge man wearing a grime-smudged orange jumpsuit said before pushing the boy back in

the direction of the nearest "conveniently "non-flaming building: the weapons repair shop.

The large man's name was Jack, and he had been one of the first people in the town to take up the job of ghost fighting. He was also the inventor of a large portion of the weapons that were now being used by many of the town's residents. He was a natural leader, and had the strength and imagination to back up his role as such.

As soon as he had seen Danny heading off towards the repair shop, he looked around to find another ghost to hit. Immediately spotting a rather large one, he grabbed an enormous bazooka from its holster on his back and simply slammed it down on the creature's head, after which said creature shrieked in pain and flew away from the threat. Jack turned around and faced one of the people who had been by his side for most of the time, a muscular man about a head shorter than him.

"What have we got?" Jack asked.

"Level fives, level threes, hordes of ones and twos, and even a level nine," the man answered dutifully.

"Any halfas?" the larger man inquired.

"Not so far."

"Good."

One of the town's fighters gave the orders to ready a few very large anti-ghost power posts, which served the purpose of disorienting and slightly weakening every specter within a decent sized area. The streetlight-like posts were soon standing up strait, doing their job and making the fight fairer for the humans.

Danny ran past them and through the doors in the back of the repair shop, slowing down slightly as he reached a work table close to the entrance. A bald, slightly overweight man named William Lancer stood at the edge of the table and quickly replaced the empty ecto-powered battery of a medium-sized gun with a charged one. He then looked up from his work and over at the teen who had just arrived.

"It's good to see that you are still in one piece. I thought that you had been carried off!" The man exclaimed with perfect grammar. Danny reached down to pick up an enormous blaster that had been left on the floor, straining under the heavy weight. He turned to Lancer on his way to a nearby table.

"What? Who, me? Naw, I'm way too muscular for their taste; they wouldn't know what to do with all this." He said, head gesturing to his small biceps and trying to make them appear bigger as he set the gun down.

"Well, they need toothpicks, do they not?" The older male responded, absently thinking of all of the crazy items that the ghosts stole. Lancer's comment effectively squashed any additional self-confidence that Danny might have obtained through his bragging.

A sudden pounding on the two locked, sheet-metal "windows" at the front of the small building caused the slightly put-off teenager to

run forward and unlock them. Quite a few small ecto-guns and other weapons were strewn all over the front counter immediately after the small doors were opened, and Danny quickly shut and locked the openings when the town's citizens were done dumping them into the building. He grabbed all of the devices, hauling them over to his own table and beginning to work on them.

Outside, Jack shouted out instructions to the people around him, his booming voice barely carrying over the huge racket.

"Let's get to the better defenses on Silvermoon Avenue!"

"Yessir!"

"We should be able to end the raid with the launchers!"

Jack and the rest of the group with him quickly ran in the direction of "Silvermoon Avenue", dodging blasts and shooting any specter that tried attacking them, while other adults ran in all directions, carrying whatever valuable, ghost-envied materials they could to more secure places.

Down the street from Jack's group, five teens were hurrying about near a huge container full of oily liquid, each of them carrying a heavy bucket of the stuff and hurling it on any building that the green, ghostly fire had gotten to. There were Nathan, an overweight boy with curly red hair and large glasses, Dash, a tall, buff boy with sandy blonde hair and dark, violet-blue eyes and who was seemingly perfect in every physical aspect, two average-height, slim, blonde-haired twins, one of them a girl named Star and the other a boy named Stan, and

Danny stared out into the chaos, his eyes fixed on the last teen, also carrying a large container of liquid. She was a beautiful, black-haired girl with a slim yet strong form and shocking lavender eyes. \_Sam\_ A relaxed sigh slipped past the boy's lips as he watched, until he was finally able to snap out of the trance. His jealousy came back to mind, and he looked out either side of the opening. He was just getting in position to jump out into the street when he suddenly felt a hand grab him from behind and pull him further back into the shop. Without having to look around, Danny spoke. He already knew who it was.

"Oh, come on; let me out, please! I need to make my mark!" The boy protested, turning to face Lancer as he was set back on the ground.

"You have made plenty of marks, boy, and they have all been in the wrong places." The man responded.

"Please. Two minutes. I'll destroy a ghost; my life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date."

"You cannot so much as \_lift\_ a bazooka. You cannot pull the trigger of a gun without causing the whole thing to explode or something of that nature. You can't even throw one of these!" Lancer listed Danny's faults on his fingers, grabbed an anti-ecto bola from off the counter to show it to the boy, and handed it out the open windows to the waiting hands of a woman. She threw it skillfully into the sky

with a slight grunt, capturing a rather fat ghost and causing it to fall to the ground.

"Okay fine, but this will throw it for me," Danny said as he looked down at a device near his feet, patting the makeshift launcher with a smirk. That is, until the jostling set it off. An ecto-bola shot out of it, barreling across the room and past the open windows before smacking right into the face of a waiting citizen, who gave a pained shout before promptly falling over, unconscious.

"Now, see, this right here is what I'm talking about!" Lancer pointed an accusing finger at the mini catapult-like contraption.

"But it, it-a \_mild\_ calibration issue-" The man interrupted before Danny could go on.

"No, Danny. If you ever intend to get out there and fight ghosts, you need to stop all of... this." Lancer positioned his hands in a gesture directed toward the teenager.

"But you just pointed to all of me," Danny protested indignantly.

"Yes; that is what I mean. Stop being all of you." Lancer confirmed.

"Ohhhâ€¦" The younger male narrowed his eyes, daring the man to challenge him.

"Oh yes." Said man readily took that challenge.

"You-you sir, are playing a dangerous game; keeping this much rawâ€¦ tough-ness contained. There will be consequences!" The teen leaned forward, shoving his pointer finger toward the heavens in an almost theatrical manner.

"I will take my chances. Now tighten the screws on this." Lancer handed the boy yet another ecto-weapon, and Danny grudgingly took it. He grabbed a screwdriver from out of a tool chest, all the while thinking about what he would do ifâ€¦"noâ€¦" \_when\_ he was finally able to start fighting ghosts. He knew there were a lot of types of ghosts, as well as many "levels" of how powerful they were.

Ghosts at the power levels of one to three were almost always just small to medium sized globs of ectoplasm, barely strong enough to lift anything worth stealing, but destroying one was still a bit of a hassle. Level fours and fives were a bit more varied, consisting of animal-like ghosts, slightly stronger blob-ghosts, and occasionally vaguely humanoid specters. They were even trickier to destroy, and were often smarter than lower level ghosts. Level sixes, sevens, and eights were definitely stronger, and more than half of them were humanoid, most of the rest being huge-structured beasts. And then, there were the level nines and tens. Those were the ones that only the town's \_very\_ best fighters went after those. They were \_extremely\_ powerful.

While Danny was lost in thought at his work station in the shop, Jack was on Silvermoon Avenue, standing atop a defense tower, a huge bazooka in his grasp. A huge level nine specter the size of a dump-truck and the shape of a cougar clung to the outside wall,

snapping its powerful jaws at the man and trying to get on top of the roof without Jack blasting it. Apparently, even with its high power level, it was one of the few ghosts that couldn't fly. It stopped for a split second after Jack's latest attack, and the man took the opportunity to shout out orders to the people in some other defense towers.

"\_Reload!\_ I'll take care of this," The huge man bellowed the first part loudly before muttering the last part to himself. He shot another green blast at the cougar-like ghost, which roared and snapped its jaws in retaliation. But their fight was cut short when a short burst of sharp, freezing wind tore through the air. The level nine ghost looked at Jack before warily jumping from the building to land on its feet several meters below. Jack tensed with recognition at the freezing wind, before snapping out of it and yelling for all of the others in the nearby towers to \_jump\_. Level nines and tens still weren't the most powerful ghosts out there. There was another type, one more powerful, clever, and deadly than them all. This was a ghost that could mask its ecto-signature from any of the humans' tracking devices to blend in, as if it were a human itself, save for the ghost powers (hence the term "halfa"), one that no one knew anything about, one that no one had ever even \_seen\_; but when it came, it brought with it an inevitable victory for the ghosts.

As the people quickly evacuated the towers, another freezing blast of wind came, this one stronger, before a green light appeared in the sky, growing bigger and brighter until it became a huge wrecking ball of pure energy, so blindingly bright that it seemed to be nearly \_white\_. Then suddenly, it shot forward, destroying the top half of the supposedly ghost-proof structure that Jack and the others in his group had just managed to get out of in a huge wave of spectral flames.

Across town, Danny looked up through the open windows and into the night sky, squinting his eyes and hoping to be able to spot the infamous "halfa". This ghost was a complete mystery; it never stole goods, never let itself be seen, and \_never\_ missed its target. That being said, instead of catching a glimpse of what he was hoping see, Danny saw a huge, blinding white flash shoot towards one of the watch towers. Upon impact with one of them, it created an explosion that completely obliterated the control center and half of the structure beneath it.

No one had ever destroyed a halfa. Danny knew it would most likely be pretty much impossible, but he was determined to be the first.

At that moment, Lancer sighed and picked up an ecto-gun, opening the back door of the shop. "Alright, Danny; take care of matters here for a while. They need me out there." He was about to leave, but turned back suddenly. "Oh, and Danny?"

Said boy looked up to show he was listening.

"\_Stay.\_ \*\*\_Put.\_\*\*" The man then ran out the door.

Moments later, Danny was outside, steering his bola-throwing contraption down the street in a wheel barrel, weaving through the chaos. More than a few people noticed.

"Danny!"

"Where're you going?"

"Get back here!"

"Yeah, I know; I'll be right back!" Danny responded distractedly to them all.

Just down the block, Jack threw a huge net over a group of ghosts, before he and several others held down the edges of it and tackled the troublesome specters inside.

"Careful!" Jack warned as some of the others began to get a little careless, while simultaneously wrestling down the largest ghost in the net to stop it from tearing free and letting the other ghosts out.

Danny, now a few more blocks away, had made it to a clear spot on the outskirts of the town, a field just a couple hundred meters from the outermost buildings.

Dropping the handles of the wheeled supply-transport and shoving the hand-made device out of it, he quickly set it up in the tall grass. When he finished he aimed it at the sky, looking through a small metal hoop he'd welded to the top to in order to get a better idea of where his target was in relation to the where the bola would be shooting.

Glancing around the star-spotted sky, he began feeling anxious. "C'mon, give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at!" he whispered to himself. Several minutes had passed when he briefly saw the vague outline of a dark, silent figure in the starry sky flash in his peripheral vision. He quickly turned his head in that direction before doing the same with his launcher, struggling to see in the dark. Then, a familiar freezing wind blew through the area, coming from above the nearest buildings. As a green ball of energy began to form in the sky, Danny aimed for it and waited; it would most likely be easiest to see the halfa's position right after it let go of the energy. Shielding his eyes so he'd be able to see right after, Danny prepared himself for the shaking that he knew would occur from the blast's impact on one of the buildings. Suddenly, the enormous ball of energy shot forward and exploded in green flames, which gave Danny enough light to see the halfa's silhouette starting to fly away. He looked through the hoop once more before pulling the trigger and firing the bola toward his target. The boy looked up with wide eyes to see if the bola had hit its mark, just as a pained scream came from the figure above and its already moving form shot off in a downward spiral deep into the forest.

Danny gasped.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>And here it is; the first chapter of my new Danny Phantom and How To Train Your Dragon story!<strong>

\*\*\*\*And now, the long awaited second chapter of "Perspective": I present to you \_The Lost is Found\_!\*\*\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Previously:<em>

\_The boy looked up with wide eyes to see if the bola had hit its mark, just as a pained scream came from the figure above and its already moving form shot off in a downward spiral deep into the forest.\_

\_Danny gasped.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>\*Silvermoon Avenue, Amity Park; 6:11 AM\*<em>

The black-haired teenager stared slack-jawed and speechless for several moments after seeing the halfa go down in the woods.

"â€|I hit it?" Danny still couldn't quite grasp the idea. A few quiet moments later, though, it registered in his mind that he \_had\_ actually just captured the infamous being, and his mouth spread into a huge grin.

"Yes! I hit it! Did anybody see that?" The boy crowed giddily, not even caring that there was no one around to hear the last part.

Or at least, he didn't \_think\_ there was; when Danny turned around to face his 'pretend' audience, he was met with the sight of the huge level nine cougar-ghost, which was standing not ten feet from where he was currently stationed. Needless to say, his excitement was immediately replaced with dread. Hopelessly defenseless and not quite sure what to do, he muttered the first coherent thought his mind could come up with.

"Except for youâ€|"

The beast roared in response and began the chase.

\* \* \*

><p><em>\*Silvermoon Avenue, Amity Park; 6:12 AM\*<em>

Jack struggled with a persistent ghost that'd been trying to shake him for several minutes, grunting with the effort of keeping it underneath the net. He had almost gotten it to \_stay\_ down when he heard the frightened shouts of a certain dark-haired teenager. The distraction was enough for any progress he'd made in restraining the ghost to be completely undone, and the man grunted in irritation. He turned to one of the others with him and handed over his section of netting.

"Here, take this for me," Jack said. He got up and ran in the direction he had heard the sounds, then yelling over his shoulder. "Do \_not\_ \_let\_ them escape!" A distant 'Yes sir!' could be heard right after.

\* \* \*

><p><em>\*Silvermoon Avenue, Amity Park; 6:14 AM\*<em>

Danny ran and dodged as the two-ton cougar pursued and swiped at him, stumbling and panting as he dashed down the street and desperately trying to go faster. Looking around for any place he could hide, he finally spotted one. Managing to get the beast's attention away from his location, he came to a stop behind a severely damaged and creaking anti-ghost post, trying to calm down his breathing. Warily, he poked his head slightly around the right edge of the postâ€|

Only to feel the chilling presence of the ghost on his left shoulder for a quarter-second. Horror didn't even have time to start forming, though, because the massive foot of a certain orange-jumpsuited man then came crashing down onto the muzzle of Danny's would-be killer. The boy whipped around in shock, eyes resting on the huge spectral cat as it hissed at his rescuer. Jack merely glared and hissed back, his hands forming fists at his sides. The cougar crouched and flattened its pointed ears before springing forward threateningly and landing only five feet away from the man. He didn't even flinch. Instead, he took two steps towards the surprised feline, releasing a wordless shout as he gave a huge, swift punch between its eyes.

The cougar roared in pain, blindly using one of its glowing paws to bat at its attacker. Jack side-stepped the attempt and slammed his fist into the injured ghost's jaw, earning another pained roar and sloppy swipe, which he also dodged. He delivered a massive kick to its front teeth, and the huge ghost turned tail and fled, growling and hissing as it ran into the depths of Amity's surrounding forest to nurse its wounded muzzle and pride.

The champion turned to face the pole, just as it gave one last groan and fell off to the side, exposing the dirt-covered, guilty Danny, who stared down at his shoes. The post came crashing down on a nearby building, and a few people screamed as they were forced to dash away from a few falling bricks and broken windows. The short teen winced as he stared on in shame at the mess. He ducked his head and turned a bit toward Jack.

"Sorry, Dad..." He said quietly.

The sun was just rising, casting a pinkish glow over the town and revealing its damage. Suddenly, more people screamed as an enormous satellite dish that had somehow caught fire smashed a path down the next street over, rolling along swiftly like a destructive penny. It ran over one edge of the net Jack had been holding down, burning the ecto-ropes and freeing the troublesome ghosts inside. Said ghosts quickly grabbed the net and flew farther away, collecting objects and using the net to increase the bounty they could carry.

Danny watched the events play out with despair, Jack watched with dangerously narrowed eyes, and the rest of the town watched with mixed, unpleasant expressions as more hard work was ruined.

Trying to lighten the mood or at least dispel a tiny bit of the awful tension in the atmosphere, Danny glanced at his father and muttered a quick, weak sentence.

"Okay, but I hit a halfa." Jack grabbed him by the shoulder and started walking, his son stumbling behind him and trying to keep up.

The eyes of everyone in the area were focused on the two.

"Bu-no, it's not like the last few times, Dad; I mean I really, actually hit it! You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down only a couple miles into the woods. Let's get a search party out there before it-"

"Stop!" Jack shouted as he spun Danny around to face him. "Just-! Stop. Every time you step outside, disaster falls! Can't you see I have bigger problems to deal with? All Hallow's Eve is less than three weeks away, and I have the whole town to fortify!" Jack exclaimed, then sighed wearily. "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I-I jus-I can't stop myself; I see a ghost, and I have to justâ€¦|hunt it, y'know? It's who I am, Dad." Danny stuttered, barely able to plug the flow of words coming from his mouth. Jack sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"You areâ€¦|many things, Danny. But a ghost hunter is not one of them." Danny winced at the chord his father had struck. "Get back to the house."

Lancer, who had been off to the side watching the scene with everyone else, looked up as Jack turned his attention to him. "Make sure he gets there." Lancer nodded. Jack continued, more to himself than to anyone else. "I have his mess to clean up."

Farther back in the crowd, Star and Stan giggled and snorted at Danny's misfortune, and Dash decided to rub his failure in his face.

"Wow. I have never seen someone mess up that badly!"

Sighing, Danny simply went along with the other boy's taunting. "Thank you, I was tryingâ€¦|" Lancer pushed Dash aside. The blond laughed and straitened his letterman jacket.

\* \* \*

><p><em>\*Tombshade Lane, Amity Park; 6:27 AM\*<em>

Walking down the sidewalk to his house, Danny didn't lift his head as he began to talk to Lancer. "...I really did hit it."

The older man shook his head. "Sure you did..."

Danny's steps slapped slightly louder against the concrete sidewalk than they previously had been. "He never listens!" He sighed in frustration.

A raised eyebrow. "Well, it seems to run in the family."

"-And when he does, it's always with this disappointed...scowl, like somebody gave him a salad instead of fudge." The teenager stopped as he got to the front steps, holding up a scornful finger and staring at the door knob as if he were about to address it. "Excuse me, waitress," he began in a poor imitation of his father's voice, "I'm afraid you've brought me the wrong offspring; I ordered an extra smart boy with outstanding grades, extra brains, and perfect

attendance on the side. This here, this is a future Nasty Burger employee!"

Lancer suddenly grabbed Danny's shoulder and twisted him around. "No. You are thinking about this all wrong. It is not so much what your academic achievements are at this moment in time that he finds insufficient; it is where your future appears to be heading that he cannot stand."

The boy blinked once before scowling at the man. "...Thank you for summing that up."

Lancer tried not to wince at his mistake. "Look. The point is that you must stop trying so hard to be something you are not." He said in a more gentle tone.

Danny quietly opened the front door as his gaze slid to his sneakers in disconsolation. "I just wanna be useful like all of you guys..." Before his mechanics mentor could say anything else, the boy stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

Lancer sighed, running a hand over the top of his head as he wished in his mind that he could do something to help his young apprentice. He stared at the door for a few more seconds before turning around and walking back down the street in the direction of the town hall. All fighters, part-time and full-time, who were able to go were required to.

Danny, who had immediately gone up the stairs to his bedroom, let go of the blinds he had been looking through and twirled around. He dashed out of his room, down the stairs, and to the coat hangers, slipping on his over-sized hoodie as he reached them. He opened the front door a crack. Poking his head out to look around for a second, he deduced that the streets were clear of any witnesses and jogged down the steps.

\* \* \*

><p><em>\*Town Hall, Amity Park; 6:54 AM\*<em>

At the meeting hall, Jack stood at the front of a vast group of ghost fighters with a determined look on his face. Slamming one of his large fists down on the table for emphasis, he spoke in a booming voice to the crowd. "Either we finish them, or they'll finish us! It's the only way we'll be rid of them!" He restated the goal that they'd always tried to meet but had never succeeded in. "If we find their hideout and destroy it, the ghosts should leave. They'd have to find another home." Jack stood up straighter. "One more search, before All Hallows 'Eve."

A man in the crowd spoke up. "Most of those crafts never come back!" Several others nodded.

Jack responded immediately. "We're ghost fighters; it's an occupational hazard! Now who's with me?" Looking out across the gathered people, he saw absolutely no enthusiasm. Feet were shuffled eyes were lowered, murmurs were made. Jack tried again. "Alright, then. Those who stay will look after Danny." The effect was instantaneous. Shouts of agreement were made hands were held high to show volunteers willing to go. Jack sighed and muttered to himself.

"That's more like it..." All of the fighters began to leave the hall to pack provisions and get the hover crafts primed.

Lancer stretched and began to stand up. "I suppose I will pack my undergarments, then."

"No, I need you to stay and train some new potential fighters."

Lancer gasped and grinned in obviously fake enthusiasm. "What a splendid idea! Oh, and while I am busy, Danny can take care of business in the weapons repair building." The bald man's sarcasm continued. "And just think! There will be electrically charged ectoplasm, dangerous weaponry, and an extortionate amount of time with which he can use to satisfy his curiosity. With all that to keep him busy, what could possibly go wrong?"

The larger man sighed wearily. "What am I going to do with him?"

The other man's expression became more solemn. "Put him in training with the others."

Jack looked up and glared. "No, I'm serious."

Lancer held Jack's gaze. "So am I."

"He'd be killed before you let the first ghost out of its cage!" The orange-clad man exclaimed.

Lancer scoffed slightly. "You don't know that."

Jack ran a hand down his face. "I do know that, actually."

"No, you do not."

"No, actually, I do."

"No, you don't!"

"Listen!" Jack snapped, then slowly let out a tense breath. "You know what he's like. From the time he could crawl he's been...different. He doesn't listen, he's got the attention span of a level 0.5; I take him to the storage basements, and he goes looking for...for trolls!"

Lancer suddenly sat up straighter, completely focused on his next statement. "Trolls exist! They steal your socks!"

Jack ignored him and went on. "When I was a boy,"

The other man slumped back in the chair. "Here we go..."

"My father told me to charge into the middle of a ghost fight and take on a level five with my bare hands." Lancer shuddered at the thought. "And I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him. And do you know what happened?"

Lancer stated the most likely outcome. "You got beat up and left on the side of the road."

"I knocked that ghost unconscious." The larger man answered. "It taught me what a ghost hunter could do, Edward: he could, he could crush \_mountains\_, level \_forests\_, \_tame seas\_! ...Even as a boy I knew what I was, what I had to become." Jack's gaze lowered and he shook his head. "Danny is not that boy."

Lancer sighed and laid a hand on his friend's arm in pity. "You cannot stop him, Jack. You can only prepare him." Jack looked back up at the older man. "Look, I know it seems hopeless, but the truth is that you will not always be around to protect him. He is going to get out there again; he's probably out there now!"

\* \* \*

><p><em> \*Bracken Woods, surrounding Amity Park; 8:06 AM\*<em>

Deep in the woods surrounding the sealed-off city of Amity Park, frost covered the forest floor in an enchanting layer of sparkling beauty. The view, however, was greatly contrasted by the sharp chill that hung over the shady forest. The forest was completely desolate of anything other than the resident animals and plant life.

Anything, that is, but one lone figure, laying still at the end of a long trail of broken branches, glowing green streaks, and a scene of general former chaos.

Suddenly, the being's form shivered, which was something \_completely\_ out of the norm for its kind. It was a ghost. It was a male with a strikingly human appearance, white hair, and a soft white glow, which was almost undetectable in the light which streamed through holes in the leafy canopy. In the cold, the outfit he was wearing consisted of only an old, worn-out pair of black jeans, a medium fitting black t-shirt, and a pair of gray sneakers which may have been white at one time, the latter dirtied and thin from much use.

The ghost was only fourteen years old, and his slim, slightly gangly frame definitely made him look the part. His young age was only accentuated by the fact that he was curled up in a little ball.

As far as any of the other ghosts knew, his parents had been ended so soon after his creation that he had never even been given a name. The specter was a loner, and would much rather be alone than participate in the rare group activities that the ghosts planned when they weren't working. Under different circumstances, he was pretty sure he'd be happy to meet others, to make friends. But his kin were tooâ€|obsessive about certain things, and since he was most likely either one of the only, or \_the\_ only ghost who didn't really have an obsession, he found that it was hard to connect with any of the others.

Right now, though, he was beginning to wish that he'd made even a \_few\_â€|if not friendsâ€|at least acquaintances who would notice whether or not he was gone.

The young ghost was curled up in a little ball on the forest floor and green liquid was oozing in a manner almost like blood out of barely-clotting wounds. Two lightly glowing ropes, their ends twirled and knotted together, were wrapped tightly around his body, one of them binding his wrists and arms to the side he was laying on in a

strained, painful position, the other wrapped effectively around his legs, trailing up and tangling with the other rope. Trapped in the middle of twenty square feet of open ground, he was completely exposed to any passer-by and utterly vulnerable. The ghost was terrified.

Late the night before, he had been caught unaware by a sneaky human, and had been unable to use his quick maneuvering to dodge an anti-ghost weapon. For the first time in his short life, a human enemy's weapon that was aimed anywhere near him had hit its mark, and he had been downed by a power-neutralizing ecto-bola. The attacking energy had feltâ€|\_wrong\_, and he had screamed in surprise and pain as he first spiraled, then plummeted into the woods. Luckily, he had not broken his neck or cracked open his skull when he had hit the ground; the plentiful tree branches had broken his fall. Unfortunately, though, the branches had left him with quite a large number of nasty gashes, and more than likely a concussion. His advanced healing had completely shut down, and he was left with less ability to heal than most humans.

What's more is that he couldn't use any of his powers while within the clutches of his restraints, and even without the injuries there was more than one thing different about the way he felt. The young specter's head was pounding horribly, but still he tried to figure out what was wrong.

As it finally came to him what two things were off, he became even more panicked. Both the light feeling that indicated that he would be able to fly and the telepathic connection to the King of the Ghosts had been severed! Not only did he need to be able to fly in order to help out the other ghosts during their nights of ecto-electrolyte collecting, he also loved flying. And the link to the king being gone left him feeling very unsure of himself. For as long as he could remember, he'd had that connection, and that it had just seemingly disappeared was frightening.

He had crashed hours ago, and he hadn't made any progress in escaping from or even loosening his bands. In fact, he'd given up struggling a half hour before, utterly exhausted from use of energy that he couldn't replenish and loss of ectoplasm. With a sick feeling in his stomach, he'd resigned himself to lay there until he was either found and ended by the hunter, or ended by his extensive loss of his "life" force. A single, glowing tear rolled sideways down his cheek and fell to the ground.

\* \* \*

><p><em>\*Outskirts of Amity Park; 8:06 AM (Second Location)\*<em>

Frost clung to the yellowing blades of grass, the brightly colored leaves, and pretty much everything else outside the cozy houses in the sealed-off city of Amity Park. The sharp, early morning chill that hung over the town was enough to keep any human who had the opportunity to stay indoors from going outside.

Any human, that is, but a certain black haired, blue eyed teen in an over-sized hoodie.

Danny looked back down at the notebook he had taken with him, already

having created a sketchy map to keep him from getting too badly lost, and took the pencil from the pocket of his navy blue hoodie. As he was making the map, he had marked an 'X' over every place he hadn't seen the ghost. Needless to say, the papers were now covered in them. He sighed in frustration, scribbling over the map and shutting the book with a \_snap\_. Shoving both the pencil and the notebook back into the hoodie's huge front pocket, he growled slightly and sulkily trudged through the dead leaves of the forest floor.

"Ugh, the universe hates me. Some people lose their gun or their hat. No, not me; I manage to lose an entire ghost!" He angrily shoved the thin, low-hanging branches of a tree out of his way, only for them to swing right back and smack him in the face.

"Ow!" he yelped, covering his eye with a hand. As he gently touched the swollen spot, a bird squawked near Danny and flew off of its perch, causing him to look up. He lowered his hand and gaped in surprise at what he saw. About twenty feet up the tree he had whacked, a huge amount of small branches had snapped and were dangling from the main tree by their thin bark, and several thicker branches were bent in the same direction, some of them nearly broken in half. But what was smeared on them was what had mainly caught his attention. It was ectoplasm. He looked back down at the ground to see more of the green liquid scattered in a trail along the ground and over a hill. The pain in his eye shoved to a smaller place in his mind, Danny visually followed the trail until it disappeared over a small hill. With something between excitement and dread, he slowly and quietly began to walk forward, following it. He got down on his hands and knees as he neared the top of the hill, then carefully lifted his head higher to peak over the edge.

He immediately gasped and ducked his head back down when he spotted what was on the other side. It was the halfa he'd hit! Mentally preparing himself, Danny once again looked over the hill. For a while, he simply stared in disbelieving awe. Finally he stood up, and seeing that the ghost didn't react, he cautiously padded down the slope, coming to a stop only a few feet from the unmoving ghost. Then he found his voice.

He looked to make sure the halfa was really out. Satisfied with the lack of movement, Danny found his voice.

"Oh, wow. I did it... I-I did it!" Grinning from ear to ear, the ecstatic young teen finally let his excitement surface. "This fixes everything! Yes! I have brought down this mighty creature!" He placed his foot on his "prize" in triumph.

Suddenly the ghost moved, and Danny yelped as he stumbled back in fear. The ghost moaned and cracked open his mysterious, neon-green eyes. Danny blinked in shock, then tried to relax his muscles as he steeled himself. Walking back over with a tall posture, he looked down at the wounded specter.

"I'm gonna end you, ghost." He spoke more to himself than to his catch; after all, ghosts didn't know English. "I'm gonna, I'm gonna cut out your core and give it to my father. I'm a fighter. I am a \_fighter\_" With that Danny knelt down, reached into his hoodie pocket, and pulled out a leather sheath. He unsheathed a small anti-ecto dagger. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and raised the dagger over his head, prepared to bring it down on the ghost and

end it. Then he made the mistake of opening his eyes and looking at the ghost's green ones. They were wide and distressed, their vibrant depths swirling with dread. The human boy quickly closed his eyes, but the image had already been burned into his mind. Resisting the guilt, he squeezed his eyes shut tighter, raised the dagger higher, and gritted his teeth. The halfa closed his eyes and let his head drop to the ground in a sort of gut-churning resignation, and Danny brought his dagger slightly before trying again. After several more attempts, he finally let his hands, still holding the dagger, rest on the top of his head. Opening his eyes and standing up in defeat, he looked down at the captured ghost.

"...I did this..." Danny murmured to himself. Turning away, he was about to walk away from the scene, but then he looked at the ghost, then at the dagger still in his hand, and after a moment of indecision, knelt back down. This time, however, he began to cut through the glowing ropes to release his former captive. After Danny had finished cutting the ropes off the ghost's legs, he glanced over to make sure that the ghost wouldn't get out while he was still within range of attack. Seeing that the legs remained unmoved, he hurriedly started to saw through the ones binding the arms.

Just as Danny finished cutting through the last rope, however, the seemingly cooperative ghost suddenly lunged at him, pinning him to the ground with a knee in his stomach and hands wrapped around his wrists. With his face inches from the ghost's, Danny could only stare at those expressive green eyes that had looked so scared, but which were now an inferno which blazed with an unholy fury. Unable to stop himself, Danny whimpered as he felt the inhuman rage burrowing straight into his soul. The specter opened his mouth wide and began to breath in, and Danny was overcome with horror. The ghost was going to use a Wail.

Danny had never experienced the halfa's infamous Wail, but from the descriptions he'd heard he knew that it was probably the most powerful attack that any ghost had ever developed. There had only ever been one reported instance where the it had been used, but the survivors said that when it had, the destruction it had wrought had left anything within a half mile of the attack completely demolished, everything within two miles in varying states of disrepair, and piece of glass within five miles cracked or broken. There was no way to accurately describe the the Wail itself, but those who had heard it came up with the closest description they could. One woman, who'd been left blind from the flying debris, had said that, "Before the pieces of glass and such became stuck in my eyes, I saw the air within the attack rippling like waves of heat. That Wail was louder than the hurricanes we had back home, and the sound, it was like the shrieks and howls and moans of millions of tortured souls all sounding at once, as if the very gates of the underworld had been wrenched open, and it stirred some primal fear deep down to the very foundations of anyone who could hear it." There was absolutely no way to survive such an attack at close range.

As the ghost breathed in even deeper, Danny went slack in the ghost's grip and shut his eyes tightly, waiting for the end. Instead of using the Wail, however, the ghost simply shouted at him in a booming, livid snarl.

"Vi neniām provas damaĉi min\_ iam denove!\_"(1) Squeezing his hands one last time on the human boy's wrists, the ghost flung himself

around and ran before throwing himself in the air.

...Only to come crashing back down again.

He tried once more, but only managed to stay airborne for a second before crashing down again. The only thing that was getting him out of the area was his supernatural speed. Finally he decided to just run.

Danny stared sightlessly after the ghost and took shallow, uneven breaths. Standing up shakily, he took a few steps up the hill, then collapsed to the ground in a limp faint.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Translations:<strong>

\*\*1: You will never try to hurt me \_ever again!\_\*\*

### 3. Not Real

This isn't a real chapter; if you see this, it's just a blurb to let you know that the real \*\*chapter 2\*\* is finally up!

End  
file.